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# REVIEW OF THE STATE OF THE BRITISH NATION.

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Tuesday, October 5. 1708.

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Review. **H**O! My mad Man, where are you now?

Mad Man. Here I am, what have you to say to me?

Rev. Well, have not our Men behav'd themselves like themselves at the Siege of Lille, were there ever such Attacks made, such Works, such Storms, such Mines, such a terrible Fire, such a desperate Defence?

M. I am afraid you are a turning Jacobite.

Rev. Why so?

M. Because you are always making Panegyricks upon the French, and that is the very Character of a High-Flyer.

Rev. How, am I Panegyricking the French?

M. It is very plain, every Inch of Praise you bestow on the Gallantry of the Confederates.

rates Attacking, is an Ell of Compliment upon the Enemy *Defending*; and it is the Desperate Bravery of the French in the Defence of *Lisle*, makes up all the Epithets of *Difficult*, *Terrible*, and *Gallant* in the Attack of the Besiegers——It is the exquisite Cunning of their Engineers, that points their Cannon to ruine your Batteries, blows you up in your Storming in spite of your Countermines and Saps; that burns your Fas-chines and Gabions, tho' you bury them in Water, and makes your Soldiers say, *The Devil is in the Place*——Again, it is the Boldness and Gallantry of their Men that makes the Fire so terrible, that beats you off four several times in one Attack, and makes your Generals throw themselves into the Breaches to animate the Soldiers; and therefore all you say of the Valour of our Soldiers is but a meer Mock upon Them, and a praise upon the French, that make good the Breaches with their naked Bodies, and meet you boldly in the middle of Fire and Death——It is the Vigilance and Bravery of their Officers, that repair by Night what you beat down by Day; that

make Coupures and Retrenchments, and dispute the Ground by Inches——If you will take upon you to applaud the Besiegers Courage, it is all raised upon the behaviour of the Enemy, and therefore you had better let it alone, unless you would be counted a Jacobite, and one employ'd to raise the Fame of the Enemy.

*Rev.* I am not afraid to give Enemies or Friends their Due; if my Enemy is brave and behaves himself well, I ought no more to deny it, or degrade him, than I ought to applaud my own Party when they behave ill.

*M.* Ay, ay, but the French.

*Rev.* Well, what of the French?

*M.* You know all People agree, they are not able to stand before our Men, they are the most despicable Creatures: The Horse look well, but you see they cannot stand to engage Ours; even their Household Troops are always beaten, and their Foot are poor *filly-Bodies*, sad, Scoundrel, starv'd, weak Wretches: We dare fight them on any Occasion, and with any odds, but they never care to come to Hands with us; in short,

short, our People have a most contemptible Opinion of them.

*Rev.* Now you are in a mad Fit the other way.

*M.* Which way?

*Rev.* Why you are making the worst and most Ill natur'd Satyr that you can possibly bring out of *Bedlam* upon the whole Confederacy; *English*, *Dutch*, *Germans*, *Italians*, and every Body else.

*M.* How is that a Satyr?

*Rev.* Why, that these *French* are such poor, contemptible, Scoundrel Fellows, good for nothing, dare not look us in the Face, dare not fight—and that we can defeat upon any odds almost, and yet all these Nations have been fighting against them these 20 Years past, and have not yet beaten them into Terms of Peace; Is not this a horrid Satyr upon us? — Now of the two, I think, I am rather in the right of it than you— Let us come therefore to the true State of the Case; give our Enemies their Due, and give our own People their Due—and neither over-do it or under-do it on this side or that. There is no Room to doubt, but the Enemy have defended *Lille* to a Miracle; no Men in the World could have

defended it better, not *Buda* in *Hungary* was better defended; the Officers, the Garrison, and above all the Engineers; every one did their Duty, and they that say the *French* are Scoundrels, and won't fight, generally stay at home and talk so— But care not to look them in the Face— We find, the *French* as free of their Flesh as any People in the World, and as ready to engage when push'd to any Extremities— Nay, we find contrary to all that has been said of them, *as* that they are discourag'd when beaten, and that when once they are routed, they will never stand again— We now find, I say, that if you beat them to day, they will fight again to morrow; if you defeat them one Year at *Ramillies*, they will look you in the Face again the next at *Almanza*; that if you beat them at *Audenard*, they will cannonade you at *Seclin*; if you drive them into a Town to day yet you cannot drive them out to morrow— But they fight you by Inches, and behave with all the Conduct that can be expected from Men of Arms.

And what's the Issue now? What is the Moral of all this? — Not that we should be daunted

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